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FOOTBALL NUMBER

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Two Jews were shipwrecked and after drifting several days in a small boat Goldberg said to Lewis, "Look, Look! I see a sail!"

Lewis answered, "Vat's the use? We have no samples!"

—*Rutgers Chanticleer.*

~*~

Hearts: "And what did they do with the girl who was shot for trumping her partner's ace?"

Trumps: "They buried her with simple honors."

—*Stanford Chaparral.*

~*~

"You're next, lady. Haircut?"

"Oh, not just yet. I'm just looking around a bit. I may be back later."

—*N. Y. Medley.*

~*~

Our idea of real futility is taking slow motion pictures of a championship chess match.

—*Reserve Red Cat.*

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Visitor: "Does Mr. Burton, a student, live here?"

Landlady: "Well, Mr. Burton lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman."

—*Juggler.*

~*~

Voice on Phone—John Smith is sick and can't attend classes today. He requested me to notify you.

Professor—All right. Who is this speaking?

Voice—This is my roommate.

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

~*~

Teacher: "Now, Johnny, what stirring speech did Paul Revere make when he finished his immortal ride?"

Johnny: "Whoa!"

—*Red Cat.*

She Ain't So Dumb--

SHE might be a blonde but that's no sign she's so lightheaded she can't appreciate a date for dinner—where the food is fine and abundant, where the tunes are torrid and the setting scintillant.

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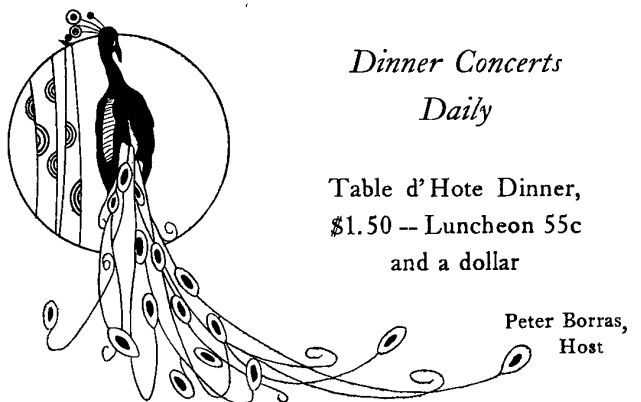
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The famous detective arrived at the scene of the crime.

"Heavens," he said, "this is more serious than I thought. This window has been broken on both sides."

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*

~*~

"I'll admit you know more than I do."

"Why all the modesty?"

"You know me and I know you."

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

~*~

"Who was the first pessimist?"

"I'll be the dumb one. Who?"

"Galileo. He said the world wasn't square."

—*Georgia Cracker.*

~*~

Voice from the gallery: "Will a jackass do?"

Actor: "Sure, come right down."

—*Lafayette Lyre.*

Dog Catcher: "Do your dogs have licenses?"

Small Boy: "Yes, sir, they're just covered with them."

—*Ollapod.*

~*~

Thank God that Dad doesn't remember what he paid for his textbooks in college!

—*Chicago Phoenix.*

~*~

Yukon Jake: "I've a pair of jacks and a six-shooter."

Dan McGrew: "Take the pot, I've only got four aces."

—*Missouri Outlaw.*

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Familiarity breeds CONTENT

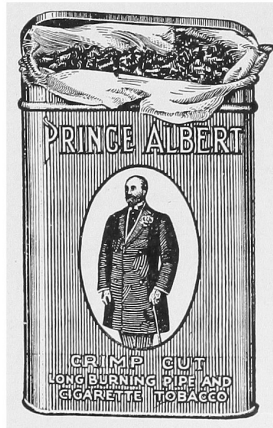


THE longer you smoke Prince Albert, the more convinced you become that it is the most satisfying tobacco that ever nestled in the bowl of a jimmy-pipe. You get a brand-new thrill every time you open the tidy red tin and breathe that wonderful aroma.

And when you tuck a load into the business-end of your pipe, light up, and open the drafts—say, Mister! Cool as a letter from home, telling you to cut down your expenses. Sweet as an unexpected check in the next mail. Sweet and mild and long-burning.

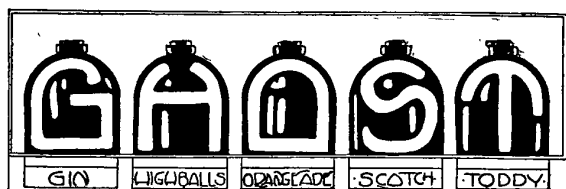
So mild, in fact, that it never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how swift your pipe-pace. Yet it has that full, rich tobacco-body that lets you know you're smoking and makes you glad you *are*. Try Prince Albert, Fellows, and get the joy that's due you! Buy a tin today and get started!

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Vol. IV November, 1927 No. 2

Published eight times the year, from October to May inclusive, by the George Washington University Press Club.

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YOUNG WOMAN

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A man is drunk when he feels sophisticated and can't pronounce it.

—Dennison Flamingo.

~*~

Father: "When I was a boy I thought nothing of a ten mile walk."

Son: "Well, I don't think so much of it myself."

—Lehigh Burr.

~*~

Actor: "My Kingdom, My Kingdom for a horse."

"Have you read Darwin's *Origin of Species*?"

"No, financial books don't interest me."

—Wisconsin Octopus.

~*~

He: "Will you marry me?"

She: "I might. What's your name?"

—Webfoot.

"I was in Florida all winter and it didn't rain one day."

"What day was that?"

—West Point Pointer.

~*~

"Do you object to kissing on sanitary grounds?"

"No, nor anywhere else, either."

—U. of Wash. Columns.

~*~

Coy Young Thing: "I hate to think of my twenty-fifth birthday."

The Brute: "Why, what happened?"

—Wet Hen.

~*~

Now comes the story of the absent-minded professor who rolled under the dresser and waited for his collar button to find him.

—Reserve Red Cat.



¶ The following members of our art staff have drawings in this issue:

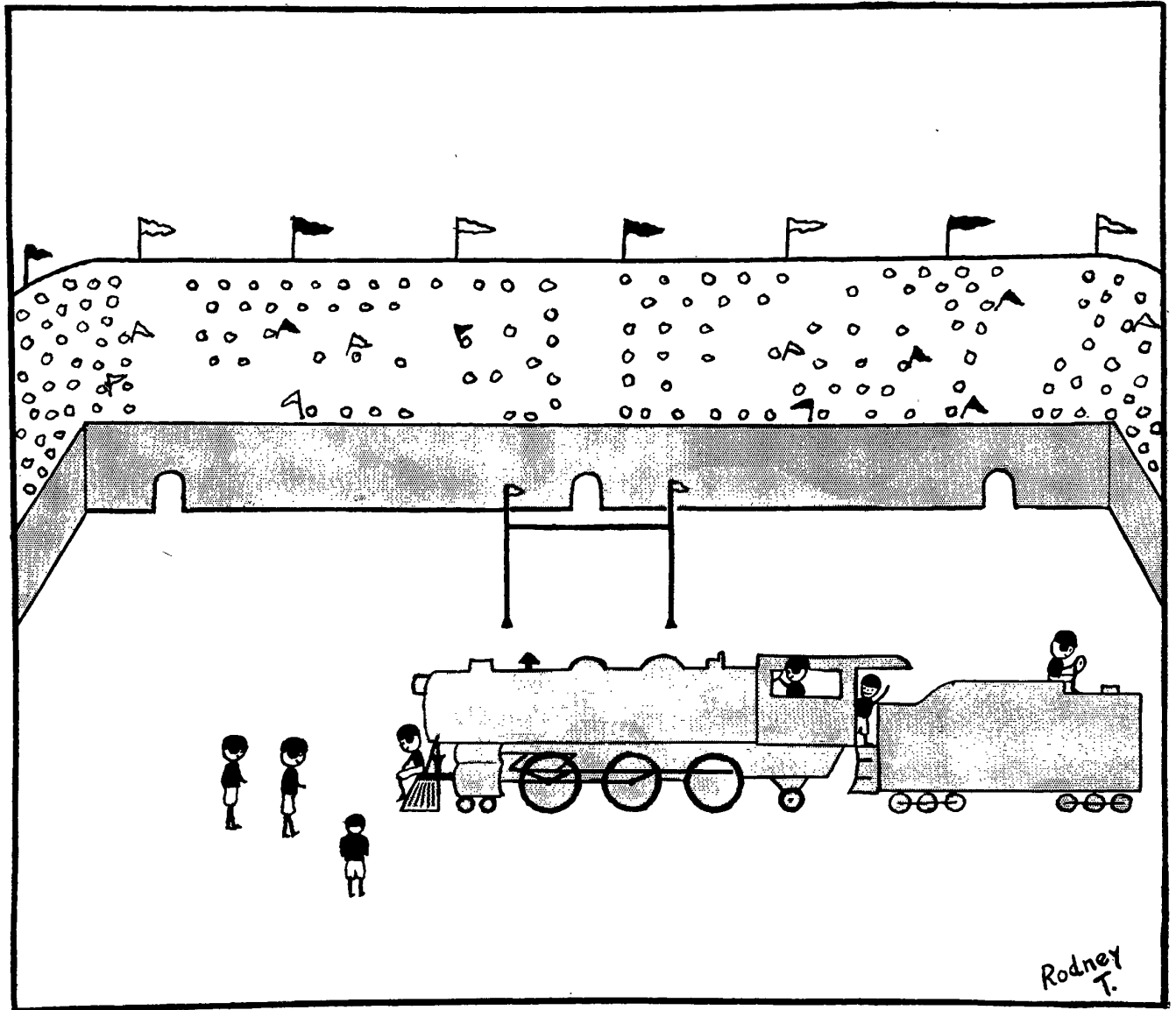
¶ Marion Stewart, Sally Osborn, Louise Buddeke, Peggy Somervell, Charles E. Shreve, Helen Buchalter, Curran de Bruler, Rodney Tattersall.

¶ We are paying \$1 for each drawing accepted. Everybody invited to contribute. All drawings, with your name and address, must be in the Hatchet Office by the 14th of each month.

Football

Number





Acting on the cheer leader's command, the football fans give the team a "big locomotive."



VOLUME IV

NOVEMBER, 1927

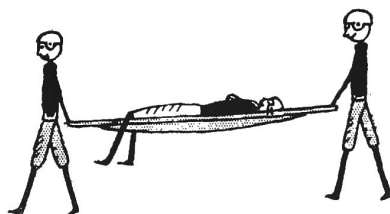
NUMBER 2

CAMPUS CHATTER

FOOTBALL

This being the Football Number, it is only natural that we should say a few well-chosen words on the subject. We note particularly that the center of football interest has shifted to the mid-West; that the Navy is bending every effort to win over the Army this year; that staid old Harvard is attempting some radical tactics, chief of which is the lateral pass.

But to get down to brass tacks we turn to the situation at G.W. Ardent readers of the *Hatchet* editorials are of course aware that we have a good first team, but that's about as far as it goes.



When we go up against a strong team and several of our men are knocked out, G.W. will be up the proverbial creek without a pad-

dle, for we have but few substitutes.

Employing the best of editorial dictum, we must admit that the paucity of football material is perturbing. As someone has so aptly stated, in these days football is played with small regiments, not with eleven men.

RUTH

Our impulse toward the winsome Miss Ruth Elder is merely to shake our finger at her and say, "Naughty, naughty!" Just think how terrible we would have felt if she hadn't been "picked up" in mid-ocean!

CRITICISM

After we had published our "Opening Number" and had leaned back in our chairs to await huge profits (for which we are still waiting), we were the proud recipients of several interesting bits of harsh criticism. We have managed to combat most of them, but that which is more disconcerting than the rest comes from Mr. Milligan, to whom we pay a round sum yearly for conducting our Theatre page.

He says: "... I would leave only one loophole for carping criticism. I would not have noticed this trouble except for the fact that two copies of the *GHOST* were apportioned me."

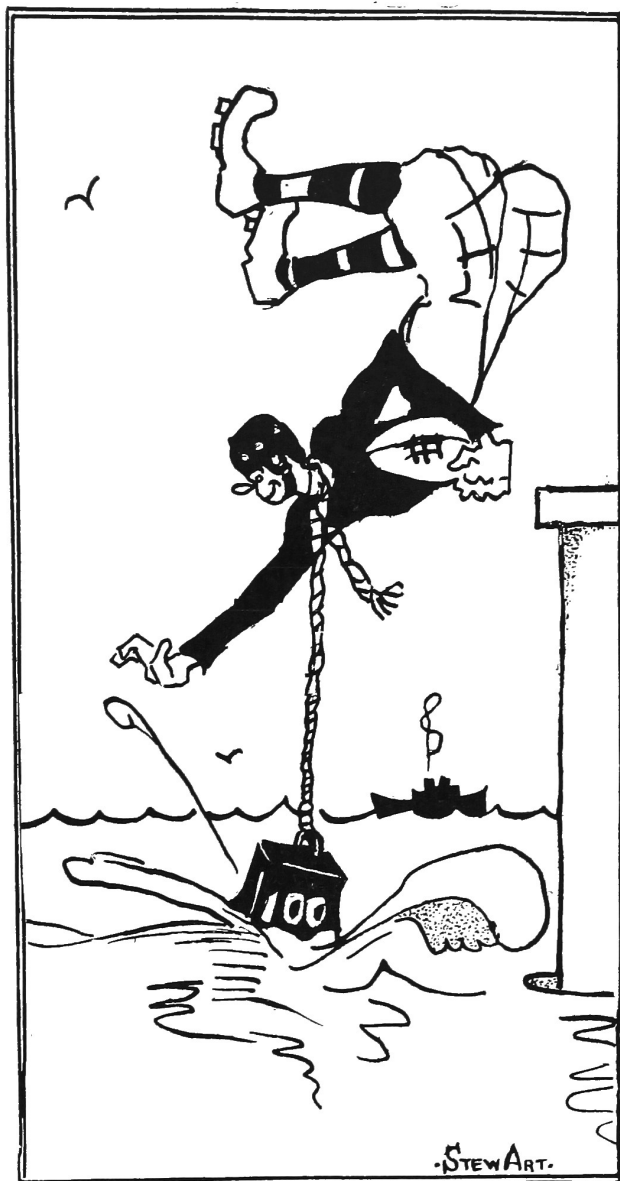
"Eagerly snatching the first copy, I proceeded to peruse it from the demoralizing cover to the Camel advertisement. Then I turned to the second copy, prejudiced in its favor by the winsome wit of the first. Picture



my embarrassment and surprise when I found that both copies were **EXACTLY ALIKE**. Total disillusion was my reward for spending several valuable minutes of reading your lousy paper—who would imagine that every copy of your opening number would be similar?"

What can you do with a guy like this?

(More on page 13)



THE FOOTBALL CAPTAIN KICKING OFF

"Erma got a tough break when she married that wealthy broker, didn't she?"

"How's that?"

"He swore he was eighty-five before the wedding, and after they were married she found out he was only sixty-three."



"Where'd you get the derby hat?"

"A surprise from mah wife."

"A surprise?"

"Ah come home one night unexpected and found it on the table."

HOW TO WATCH A FOOTBALL GAME

WE HAVE been told how to do everything from the correct lead for South in a game of flinch to the proper way to enter a bathroom, and each year there has been no less than 869 college comics with a Football Number, of which 84% all contained such articles as this.

But they have been crude and elementary—our purpose is to bring out the really fine points of the pastime so that when mastered these accomplishments will stamp you as One out of Five.

The first thing is the costume. Earlier writers have insisted on the now rapidly shedding coon-skin coat, but at the last game very few of the really smart set wore them. There is one item you can not overlook if you would be *au fait*, and that is the small football in your lapel, or pinned nonchalantly on the front of your last winter's coat. They can be procured at the gate and are really quite inexpensive—the largest ones are seldom more than fifteen cents. It is here that we separate the young man and the co-ed; from now on their conduct is in no wise similar.

For the young men going *en masse* the essential thing is to get a seat near some one who is rooting for the other team. This may be done in a quiet way by passing directly in front of every one in each row with a ten-dollar bill in the hand, saying gaily, "Who wants ten dollars on LaSalle Extension?" If the people seem unappreciative, a bit of good natured chaffing is not amiss. We recommend: "'S matter sport, get up on the wrong side of the bed this morning?" or better yet, "I'll bet that old cat's got your tongue."

The co-ed should make it a point to know some player on the team opposing that of her escort's; if she is clever she can strike up an acquaintance with the captain of the opponents before the game starts, and thus have something about which to talk. If she has ever attended any of the opponents' dances her success is assured. (This is especially true if the opponent is Army or Navy.) It is her cue to drop little hints about their peachy dances, and if this doesn't go over she may leave in a huff or start cheering her escort's team.

Neither the young lady nor the young gentleman should ever yell when urged to do so by the cheer leaders, although one should never make disparaging remarks about them.



Elaine: "What's the idea of getting a ticket all the way across the continent?"
 Galahad: "Oh, that's so I may go as far as I like with you."

Satan: I can't understand your freezing down here in hell!

Sinner: S-say, y-you don't know the w-w-woman that c-c-caused my being here, b-b-brother, brrrrrrr!

~*~

Poppa: "What's your mother doing, son?"

Son: (who has just come downstairs): "She's either dressing for a party or going to bed."

~*~

"May I sit by you?"

"No, you will try to kiss me."

"I promise I won't."

"Then what's the use?"

The minister passed by and was greeted cordially by Johnny's mother.

"Who's that man," said Johnny.

"That's the man who married me, son," she replied.

"If he's the man that married you, what's Pa doing at our house?"

~*~

When better girls are made no one will be interested in them.

~*~

"My dear, if a man ever attempted to get rough with me I'd kill him."

"Oh, don't be previous."



THE ORIGIN OF THE DOUBLE-SHIFT

He: Wait a minute. I thought I heard something break."

She: "Oh, never mind. That was just my promise to mother."

~*~

Bashful Frosh; on sofa: "If you were in my place what would you do?"

Sophisticated Flapper beside him: "Cut my arms off and throw them away."

~*~

By the time most men learn to behave themselves they're too old to do anything else.

~*~

Teacher: "Which is correct: 'The girl began to walk home,' or 'the girl started to walk home?'"

Bright lad: "Who was the girl?"

~*~

Old man (on coming out of the anesthetic after having a gland operation): "Oh, dear me, if I don't hurry I'll be late for school."

NEITHER DO WE

TOM HAD been with the Podunk football team for years, not as a player but as the trainer. He administered first aid to the boys when they were injured, and managed to make himself useful in general.

One day a professor happened to be watching practice, and wanted a light for his cigar. On accosting Tom for the necessary ignition, he became engaged in conversation with him.

"How long have you been working for the school, Tom?"

"Oh, about twenty years, I guess."

"My, that's a long time. What do you do?"

"Oh, I have to watch over the health of these here men. When one of 'em gets hurt I try to fix him up."

"That's very interesting, Tom."

"Yes, sir. For instance, when a fellow gets his leg hurt in a game, I take hold of the leg and stretch it and pull it back and forth. I've done that to almost every player in the last twenty years."

"Ah, that's interesting. And why do you do that?"

" Damned if I know, sir."

~*~

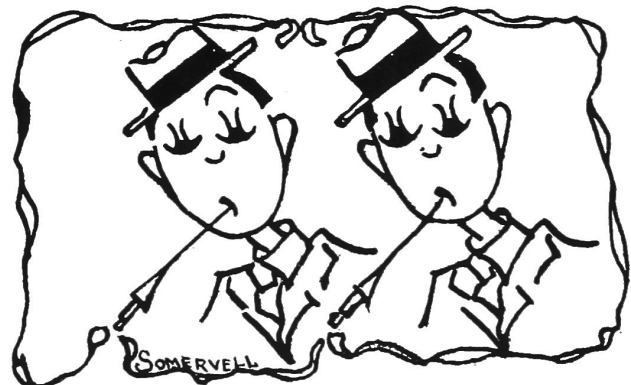
Mary Ann is so dumb that she thinks you learn to smoke in a pipe course.

~*~

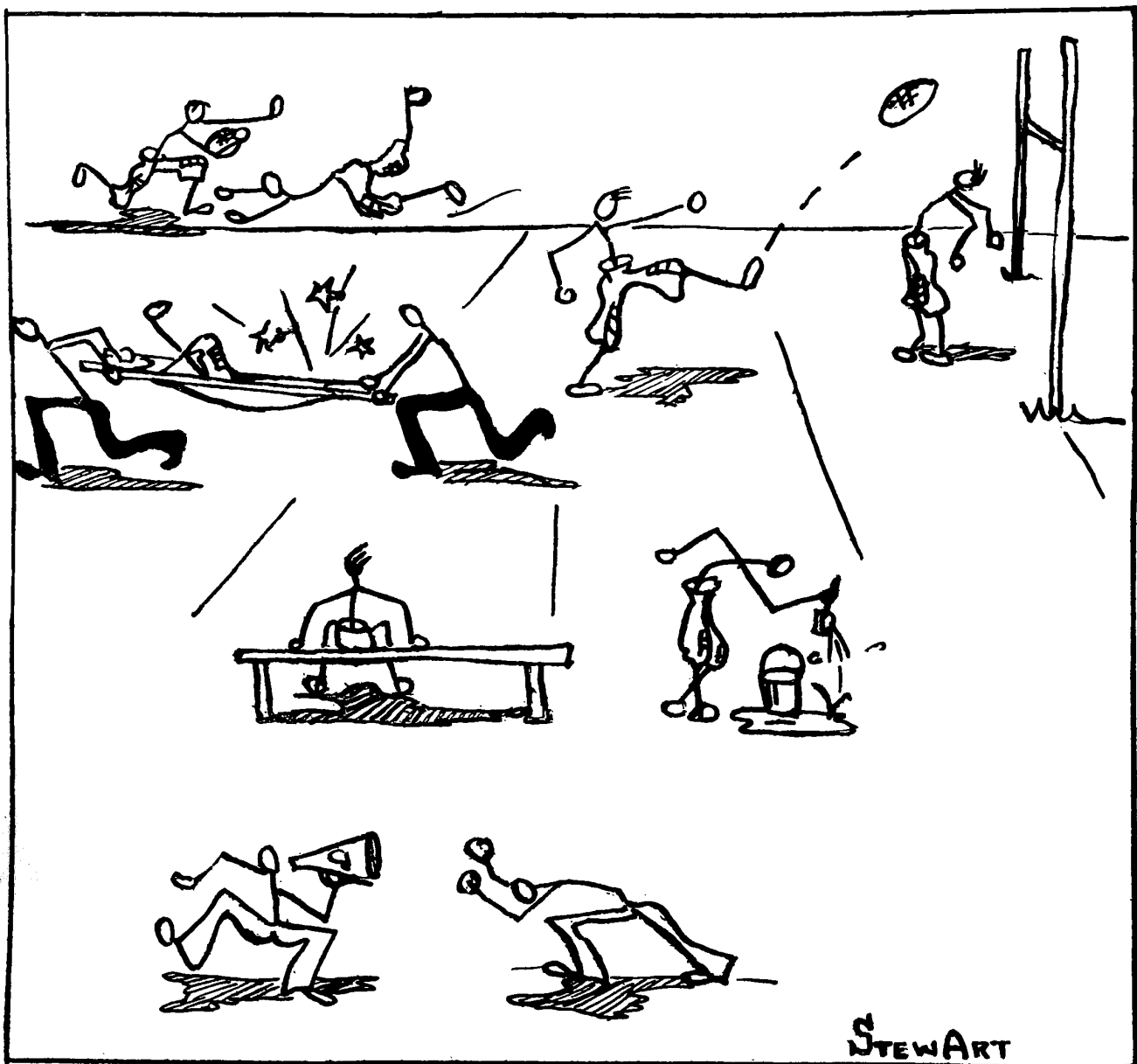
She: "I think you are perfectly awful."

He: "All right, let's practice some more."

Two's company; three's a witness.



"Yeah, then they don't have to be fed."
"Do you like stuffed dates?"



TEAMING LIFE

Irate father: "I can see right through that chorus girl's intrigue, young man."

Amorous son: "I know, Dad, but they all dress that way now."

~*~

"I hear you've got a new baby, Mandy. What have you named him?"

"Oh we calls him Veto, Miss Smif."

"Veto? And why?"

"Cause when de doctah came he said, 'Well, if it ain't another little black bawl.'"

"Would you call for help if I kissed you?"
"Do you need help?"

~*~

About the only thing our artists can draw is men.

~*~

Flapper (after purchasing stamp): "Must I put it on myself?"

Postmaster: "Naw, on the letter."



The GEORGE WASHINGTON GHOST

Vol. IV

November, 1927

No. 2

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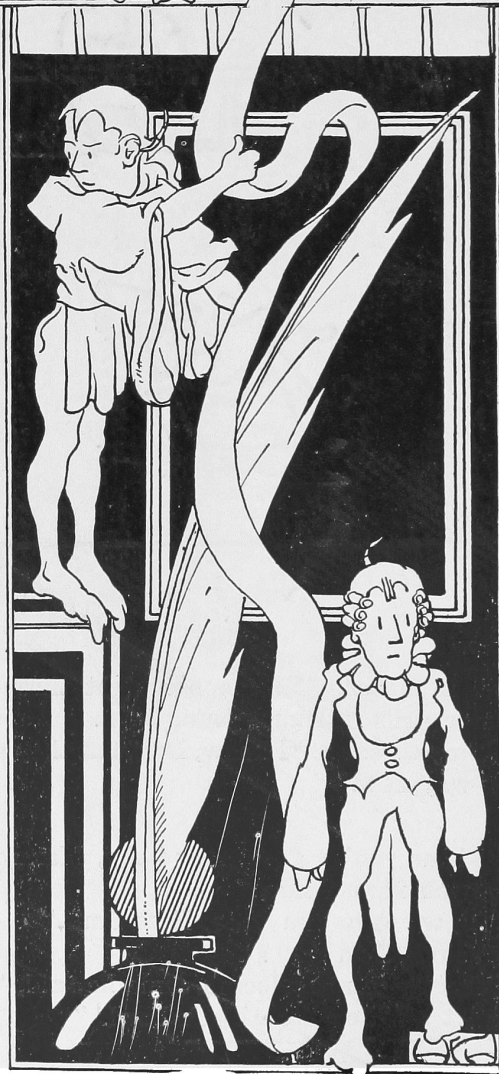
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This month's cover by Rowland Lyon

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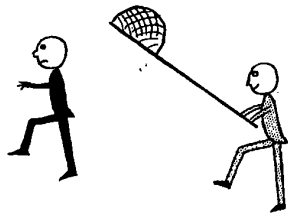
CAMPUS CHATTER

(Continued from page 7)

FRATERNITIES

We hear that the Interfraternity Council will draft rushing rules for the fraternities. It is rumored that they will not attempt a long list of prohibitions and restrictions, but rather that the rules will be few and simple. If this is the case they will be much easier to enforce, and will be more applicable to all fraternities, say we.

Unfortunately each Greek or-



der seems to have a different viewpoint on rushing. Most of them start pledging before school starts. Others are forbidden by their charters to extend pledges until after the beginning of school. Still others go so far as to induce neophytes to break their pledge to one fraternity and come with them.

Obviously there is a certain inequity in the present system of rushing, and the fraternities who try to maintain a reasonably high code of ethics should be protected from their contemporaries whose standards are not as high.

SORORITIES

As to sorority rushing we have little to say. Our old friend Dick Rollo, who seldom fails to Hit The Nail On The Head in the *Hatchet* "Chips" column, avers that the Freshman girl becomes very stuck-up when she is pledged to a sorority. While we do not wish to take a definite

stand on the matter, we can only repeat that Dick Rollo seldom fails to Hit The Nail On The Head.

ENGINEERS

During the last two weeks we saw much of the civil engineering class on the rear campus, all grouped around a transit, or some such surveying gadget. We first thought that they were measuring the campus (for the eighty-seventh time), but later learned that they were merely becoming "familiar" with the intricacies of said gadget.

Incidentally, we observe that the possibilities of such transit are almost unlimited. Some of the more enterprising engineering aspirants use the contraption to good advantage in viewing the female from afar. While this



does not go to increase their knowledge of surveying, it at least proves one thing that has heretofore been somewhat speculative—namely, that even the engineers are human.

All the engineers of our acquaintance boast that their school work is far more difficult than that in Columbian College. They have a habit of getting nothing but "conditions" and D's—in fact, they consider D as an excellent grade. When a man gets a C in Engineering College he is revered, and a B is apparently unknown (so they say).

We have just about reached

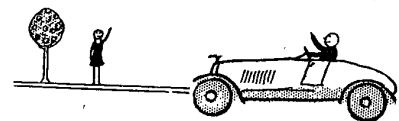
the conclusion that the Engineering course is no harder than any other, but that the students must be dumber. An engineering prof once admitted that "we engineers ain't supposed to know no English." Another thing, we never could understand the mental makeup of a man who elects to spend the rest of his life fooling around with dynamos, steel trusses or sewers, when there are so many more finer things in life, such as clerking in a drug store, working for the Government, or even selling real estate.

COVER

According to Rowland Lyon, the young lady who posed for this month's cover is a prominent Chi O. With devilish ingenuity Mr. Lyon has well managed to conceal her identity, and with the spirit of a true art patron has offered to award a plate of liver and onions to the first person who discovers who she really is.

NEWS ITEM

This page is harder to fill up than we had ever imagined. We don't know any more news except that Rodney Tattersall bought himself a new car with



his first month's salary from the GHOST, and is becoming quite a sheik with the ladies in spite of the fact that he has a club foot.



THE CHEER LEADER

ALL RIGHT, boys and girls,
let's give 'em our Number
One yell. Make it peppy,
now. Make it loud. Let's go.
One . . . two . . . three.

**Rickety, rickety, russ,
We're not allowed to cuss,
But nevertheless, we must con-
fess,
There's nothing the matter
with us.**

'Ray . . . that was fine, folks.
Now let's have another one.
Make it peppy now. Make it
loud. Let's give 'em Number
Three. Let's get behind the
team, folks. They're out there
fighting for us. For us, folks.
All right now. Let's make it
loud. One . . . two . . . three.

**Strawberry shortcake, goose-
berry pie,
V - I - C - T - O - R - Y
Are we in it, I should guess,
Siwash, Siwash, yes, Yes, YES.**

That was fine, folks. Fine!
That'll put the old pep into the
old team. Look at 'em block that
pass. How about another one
now, folks? Just a minute, folks,
somebody's knocked out. Who is
it, Charley? Who? . . . Johnson?
. . . Who? . . . Oh, Bronson. All
right, people, let's give fifteen
for Bronson. Played a good
game. All ready, now . . . one
. . . two . . . three. Hip! Hip!
And so on.

JUST LIKE THAT

Her: "Every woman should
realize that her sex is her stock
in trade."

Him: "Well, you certainly
carry yours in a beautiful show
case."

"That fellow is some magician,
isn't he? Why last night at the
theatre I saw him get a rabbit
out of a hat."

"That's nothing. I know a girl
who got a fur coat out of an
egg."

He: "Three women have com-
mitted suicide because I disap-
pointed them in love."

IT (very sweetly): "I didn't
know you'd been married three
times, dearie."

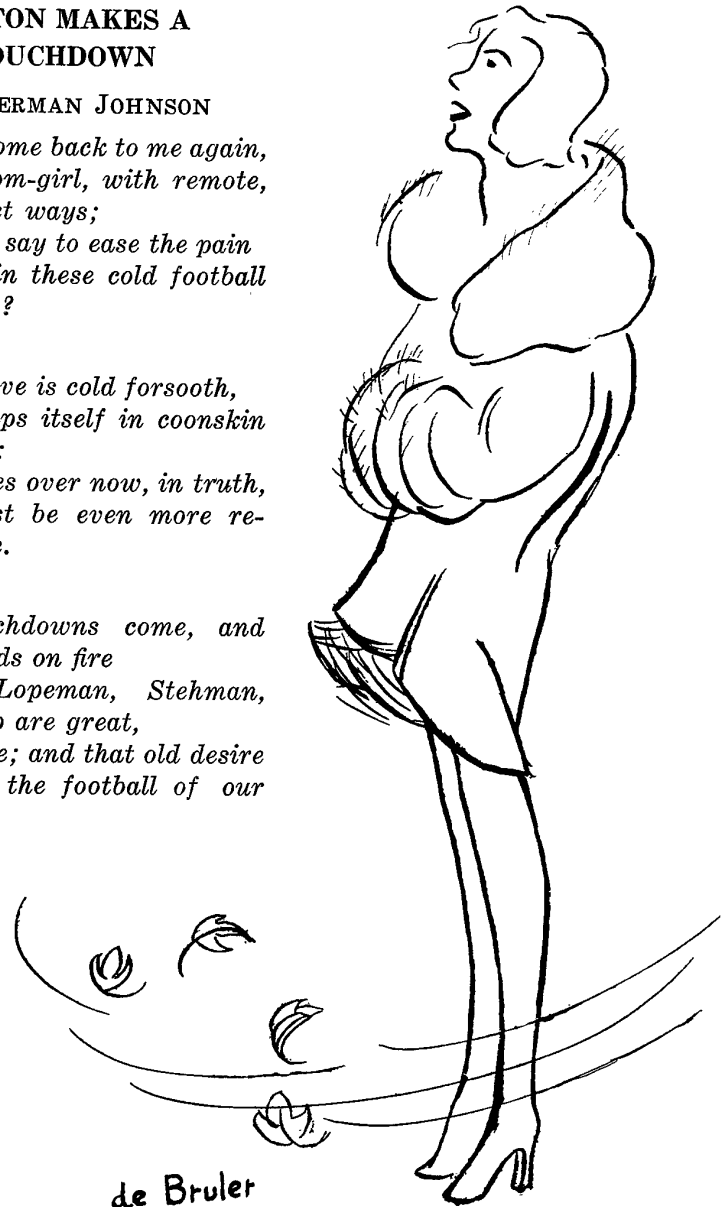
ON KISSING MY MISTRESS WHEN GEORGE WASH- INGTON MAKES A TOUCHDOWN

By SHERMAN JOHNSON

*You have come back to me again,
Dear prom-girl, with remote,
sweet ways;
What can I say to ease the pain
Of love in these cold football
days?*

*For even love is cold forsooth,
And wraps itself in coonskin
coat;
Rush parties over now, in truth,
You must be even more re-
mote.*

*When touchdowns come, and
stands on fire
Swear Lopeman, Stehman,
Sapp are great,
You kiss me; and that old desire
Becomes the football of our
fate.*



FOOTBALL

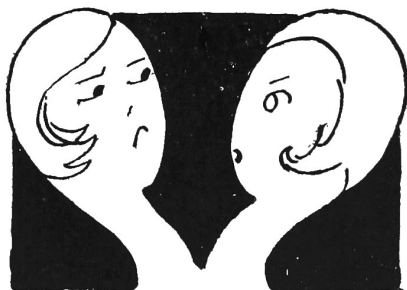
*As Interpreted by a Freshman
Theme*

OH, TO be a football hero! How nice it must be to demonstrate manly strength before vast hordes of audiences. The football player must be clean in mind, spirit and body. He is a crusader; a crusader of clean and manly sport!

I remember the first football game I ever saw! It was in the town of Little Rock, Arkansas (the place wherein I spent my boyhood) and a glorious sight it was. My big brother went to high school and was a member of the football team which was going to play another football team from a different town on that memorable afternoon.

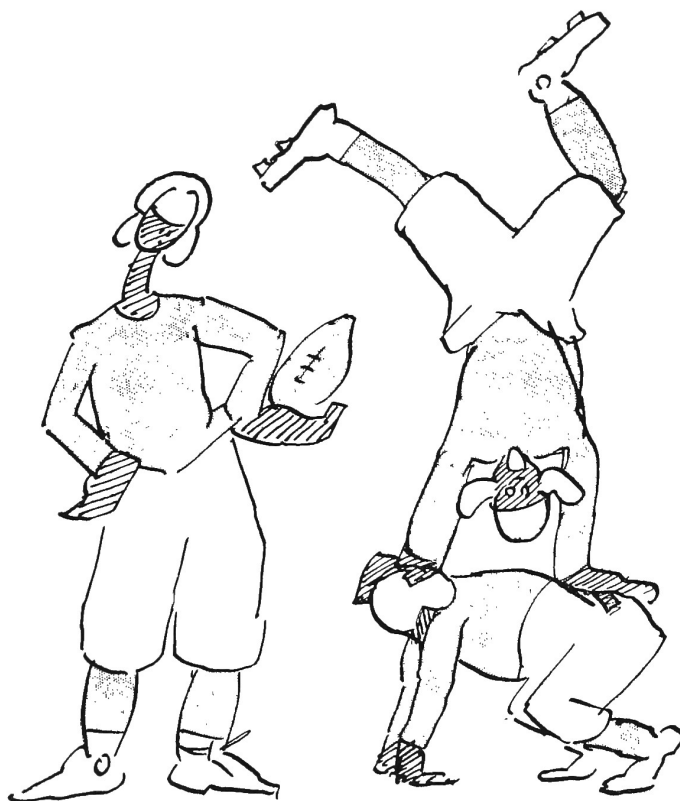
After promising my mother not to stay out late I was permitted to accompany my elder brother to see this wonderful encounter of brute strength and clean sportsmanship! I recollect very plainly that the autumn leaves were just beginning to experience a different hue, and a delicious tang was in the balmy air.

The team which my brother's team was going to play was from a different town, and well do I recall that they were dressed in



"Do you go in for necking?"

"No, I go out for it."



ROWLAND LYON

1st Football Player: "Isn't it strange? All of my ideas come when I'm washing my face."

Snappy comeback: "Why don't you take a bath?"

blue and red, which I assumed to be their school colors! Also, it was a very wonderful game, but there was no coordinated and synchronized cheering such as the football games of today have to pep themselves up with.

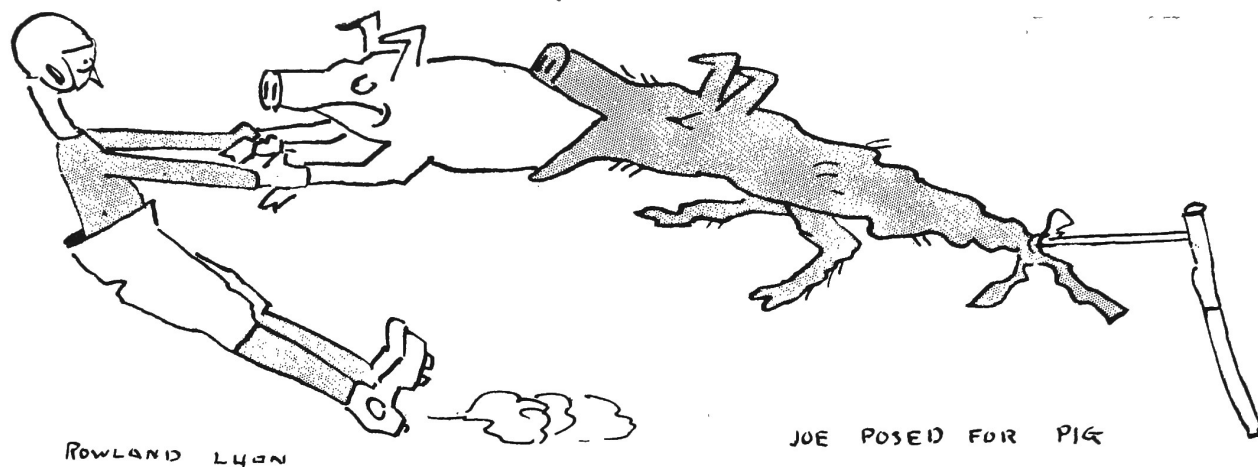
Of course I, being only a grade school scholar at that time, could not fully comprehend or understand the intricacies of this startling sport, but it was nevertheless breath-taking and splendid to one who had never witnessed such a Gargantuan spectacle before!

I remember at that time I made a promise with myself that when I got to high school or college I would be a member of the football team. Since that time, however, I decided I would devote my life to study, and at the

present time I intend to become a professor of English in one of the larger universities (English being my favorite subject).

After all, I shall probably be better off than the romantic football player, for he cannot play football all his life, and while he is playing football in the huge arena I shall be preparing myself for a career as a professor of English in one of the larger universities!

And yet, as I ponder the matter over in my mind, I cannot but stop to realize that it would be wonderful to be a football hero, and thus win the plaudits and good will of the throngs of humanity which assemble to pay homage to clean sport and athletic strategy and science.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF INDUSTRY: How footballs are manufactured.

TOM SWIFT IN FOOTBALL TOGS OR HOW TOM SLADE WON HIS LETTER

TOM SWIFT and Tom Slade were two likeable chaps. Tom had black, curly brown hair, which he parted in the middle, and belonged to the Boy Scouts. The other Tom once carried papers, and had an uncle who lived in Detroit.

So the following day both boys decided they would go out for the team in an effort to win their letters. The coach had begged them many times before to come out, in fact, he had gone so far as to offer them the free use of the showers, but both boys were naturally bashful, and had hesitated up till now.

It was then twelve o'clock, and classes having been dismissed for the day, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

"Gee," said Tom, "I hope I get my letter."

"Yea," said the other Tom, "I hope I do too."

After three years of hard practice both boys knew how to pass a football, and could also chew and swear. Then came the time for their true test.

They had by this time reached the seventh grade, and their football team was to meet Harvard that afternoon at the old ball diamond, which was three and one-half miles south on the Turnersville pike, just before you get to that old stone mill.

At two-thirty the referee's shrill whistle was heard, and the game started. On the fourth ball

over the plate Babe Ruth singled and . . . pardon us . . . we seem to be mixed up. Harvard kicked off and the ball went every bit of twenty feet, landing directly in front of Tom Swift, who was disguised as an old tree stump (very much weatherbeaten).

Without warning he leaped up and, grabbing the ball, yelled "Come on and fight, you Sons of Harvard." This epithet seemed to have little or no effect on the Harvard men, who at this time were practicing the huddle system in an adjoining field. Since there was nothing else to do, he passed the ball to Tom Slade, who calmly deflated it, put it in his pocket, and walked slowly to the goal line, thus scoring six points for the seventh

"And do we get our letters?" the boys asked the coach when the game was over. "Yes, boys, you will get your letters tomorrow," affirmed the coach, somewhat ruefully.

The next day both boys were sitting around home, doing nothing in particular, when the mailman came and left a letter for each one. The lads quickly tore the letters open and found that each one read:

"Dear Tom: This is the letter I promised you. (signed) The Coach."

Both boys were so peeved at the coach that even to this day they flatly refuse to speak to him.

MODERN

"Darling, do you love me?"

"With my all, Rodney, dear."

"And I love you, dearest Cynthia."

"Do you think we love each other enough, Rodney?"

"I am sure of it, Cynthia."

"Then, Rodney, dear, go ahead and marry Clementine, and I'll break up your home within three months."

~*~

"Gee! What a relief!" exclaimed the sculptor as he finished the statue he was working on.

~*~

Regarding petting, girls can take it or be left alone.

~*~

Many a collegiate who demands sanitary drinking cups will take a swig out of anything.

~*~

"Do you think ruffles are modest or immodest?"

"Well, they're just on the border."



THE DANGER LINE



She: "If you men would just quit looking at us girls in short skirts, we'd soon quit wearing them."

He: Yes, I suppose you'd have to do something drastic."

~*~

Wife: "Did you see that gorgeous ermine wrap that Mrs. Perkins wore to church this morning?"

Husband: "No, I guess I must have dozed during the sermon."

Wife: "Huh, a lot of good the service did you."

~*~

"Were you scared when they told you it was dangerous to swim on water wings?"

"Naw, I knew they were only wind bags."

~*~

Most college students are ardent believers in the "freedom of the press."

~*~

Lilith was the only woman who could be sure of her man.

That is, until Eve came.

Lilith was the only woman until Eve came.



Irate Parent: "Say, what's going on here?"

Unabashed Offspring: "Oh, nothing. Tom is just practicing the huddle formation for the football team."



TOUCHDOWN!

QUICKLY the broad-shouldered man whirled, and running low, scooped up the pigskin lying there on the ground. Then, with his eyes fixed steadily upon the two white posts far in the distance, he tucked the precious bit of leather under his left arm, and digging his heels deep in the soft turf, he sped like a frightened rabbit toward the goal.

A hasty glance behind him told him that he was followed by a lone man. Before him swayed a field full of men with eyes riveted upon him as he charged down on them. He skirted a small group on his left, and gaining speed, side-stepped a young giant who lunged toward him from the right. The closely packed crowd but a few yards from him on either side alternately cheered and sighed as he avoided some man, only to find others before him.

Right before him loomed three sturdy individuals, a scant yard apart, upon whose faces grim determination was pictured. Amid the warning cries of the onlookers, he dashed between two of those who barred his way, knocking one to the ground, and spinning the other into the arms of the third, where the momentum of the push was

enough to send both to the earth. A cynical smile crossed his face, and he tightened his grip on the pigskin.

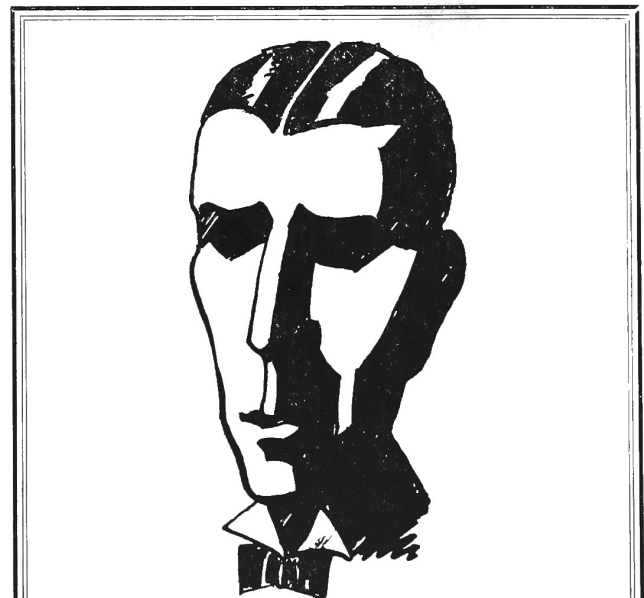
Again he heard the warning cries of the crowd—the goal seemed to be farther away, and he was tiring. He heard the steady thud of footsteps behind him, and redoubled his efforts to elude his pursuers. Ah! there was his goal, just a few yards ahead. The cries and yells of the spectators thundered in his ears. Just a few paces more, and success!

Suddenly a burly figure darted in front of him, but with twist of his shoulder, the man was bowled over in a heap, and the panting youth tossed his genuine pigskin brief case into the Pullman vestibule, and wearily pulled himself up the steps of the last car as the train gained headway. He turned to see a dusky man running beside the train.

"Boss, yo shuah kin run," gasped the porter. "Hyah's yo grips, suh."

The young man tossed him a coin, and grasped the proffered luggage. Still chuckling to himself, the all-American half-back muttered to himself, "Taking so long to tell Anna goodbye almost made me miss my train, but gee, it was worth it."

"Yes, it was worth it," he continued, as he rubbed his shoulder gingerly, "but that blamed trackwalker who got in my way nearly spilled me."



INTRODUCING THE STAFF:

A character study of Mr. Rodney Tattersall, our handy man, sketched by himself.

believe it, OR NOT

The conductor on a south-bound local was passing through the car when he happened to notice an elderly Scotsman and a young Scotch lad. The old man was holding a watch in his hand and was watching it with intense interest. Suddenly he seemed satisfied and looked up. Seeing the conductor, he beckoned to him to come over.

"What is it?" asked the conductor.

"I want to pay the rest of my grandson's fare," replied the Highlander. "He has just become twelve years old."



Female: "How is the best way to keep your youth?"

'Nother: "Don't introduce him to another girl."



Some girls' ideas of flaming youth doesn't go beyond the lit end of a cigaret.



Have you heard that cute little song hit entitled "She was only a gardener's daughter, but she knew how to handle a rake?"

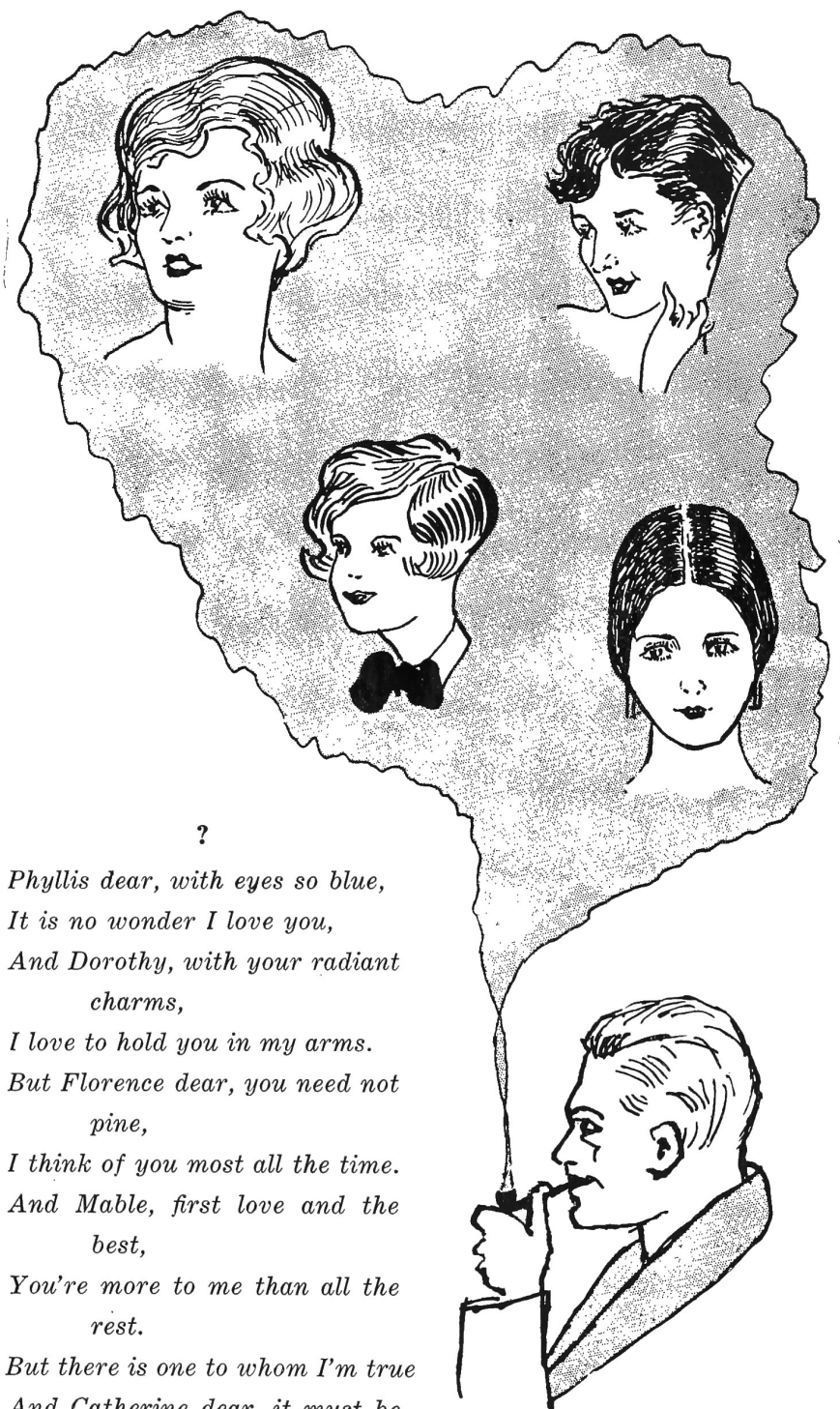


"Is Alice really interested in Sam?"

"IS she! She turned down a date to Le Paradis to go to the Museum with him."



It's our guess that the ancient knight was a hot papa after walking in the sun all day in a suit of armor.



?

*Phyllis dear, with eyes so blue,
It is no wonder I love you,
And Dorothy, with your radiant
charms,*

*I love to hold you in my arms.
But Florence dear, you need not
pine,*

*I think of you most all the time.
And Mable, first love and the
best,*

*You're more to me than all the
rest.*

*But there is one to whom I'm true
And Catherine dear, it must be
you.*

*I love them all, as you well see,
The question is—which one loves
me?*

—"WINK" MARSHALL

LOUISE
JOAN
BUDEKE



AS TO BOOKS

By Elbert L. Huber and Howard M. Baggett



THE GRANDMOTHERS

"A FAMILY PORTRAIT" by Glenway Westcott. (Harper Bros.). And such a family! Good, bad, and indifferent, they combine to furnish a panorama of three generations of American Life.

Books about American Life as such should be prohibited, but since America is just becoming aware of herself culturally, we suppose this sort of thing must be endured for some time to come.

Beginning with a convenient family tree to keep one straight, the author devotes a chapter to each member of a large family with all its faults and vagaries, virtues and vices. Although the characterizations are good and the incidents fairly entertaining, the book drags after the first half-dozen chapters and the reader wonders why these pioneers were so damned prolific.

Incidentally, and for no reason we can think of, *The Grandmothers* took the Harper Prize.

WILD

A first novel that is sure to find favor among Collegians is *Wild*, by Carol Denny Hill (John Day Company). We have never been more absorbed or interested in a book of chatter than this dairy of a Barnard girl, written by one who was a student at that institution of learning and who certainly knows the ropes. A pretty miss comes to New York to LIVE and incidentally to obtain a husband by the very interesting process of elimination. Before she gets through she almost eliminates



MATHILDE EIKER

Washington high school teacher and former G.W. student, whose new novel *Over the Boat-side* has just been published.

SOME NEW ONES

RIGHT OFF THE MAP, by C. E. Montague. The Book-of-the-Month-Club's latest choice, which we haven't read yet. Will try and get around to it by next time.

THAT MAN HEINE. Latest selection of the Literary Guild. A biography of the German writer, which leaves you in a sort of depressed mood.

MORROW'S ALMANACK FOR 1928: edited by Burton Rascoe. Some good nonsense, with an occasional serious thought. Contributions all the way from Gilda Grey to George Jean Nathan.

the "only one," but of course, being a first novel, that little matter is rectified.

We have a notion that the book is a mixture of actual experiences, plus experiences of some of her acquaintances at college, PLUS her ideal of college life. Keeping true to actual facts, such minor details as school and studies play a very small part, except for keeping her out of a few dates around exam time. Really the little lady comes through with most of her morals and a few ideals, but there are times in the book when we do not think she is going to be so successful.

On the whole the novel is thoroughly enjoyable and gives a true and rather bold insight into post-adolescent psychology from the female standpoint (thereby making it most interesting to the male). The style is chatty, very amusing and thoroughly collegiate and modern. It's a book no college student should overlook.

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP

WILLA CATHER'S new novel (*Knopf*) is quite similar to *Professor's House* only it has less plot, if possible.

The setting is the territory acquired from Mexico (1846) and the story gives the beginning and growth of the new Catholic diocese under Bishop Jean Marie Latour and his close friend Father Joseph Vaillant.

There is no development of character, very little action, and no plot whatever. The story

(Continued on page 24)



THE THEATRE

By JOHN MILLIGAN



The latest castigation of Washington as a theatrical dog-town occurred no longer ago than October 3. In connection with a piece of histrionic cheese being tried out on us before its New York opening there was brought up once more the time-honored battle-cry of the lobbies and lounges about our irksome position as a step-child of the theatre, philosophically accepting tons of mouldy dramatic bread and only occasionally receiving a crumb of art.

These lamentations have been in vogue for years. With infrequent exceptions, the end of every season here has been categorized around the bridge tables and punch bowls as the finish of a sad sickness, with much viewing with alarm at dozens of tiresome evenings, and but little pointing with pride at a few enjoyable ones. In June of 1927 dowagers viewed the past months with misgivings. It was heard that this was the worst season in years.

Your scribe recently turned anthropologist and surgeon and determined to operate on the dog. If these moans are true, if being a dog-town places lovers of the noble in drama at a disadvantage, if we haven't gotten all that is coming to us, if this season is terrible, and if New York is the place for the boys and girls who sit up of nights to read Racine, why not study the statistics? This was done, with highly iconoclastic results.

During the season of 1926-1927 there were over 250 plays presented in New York. Of these 250 there were only 33 that any intelligent person would have desired to attend, that were even half-heartedly recommended, or that Washington would have wept for had they not been shown here. My list is elastic at that, although I have grouped as one attraction each super-stock company like Eva Le Gallienne's and Sierra's. I have also omitted, of course, plays produced at special matinees and such affairs.

The 33 were: *The Great God Brown*, *Craig's Wife*, *Lulu Belle*, *An American Tragedy*, *What Every Woman Knows*, *Cecile Sorel* and the *Comedie Francaise*, *Sacha Guitry's Company*, *On Approval*, *The Road to Rome*, *The Moscow Art Theatre Habima Players*, *The Legend of Leonora*, *The Shanghai Gesture*, *Her Cardboard Lover*, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, *The Honor of the Family*, *Caponsacchi*, *Trelawny of the Wells*, the *Civic Repertory*, *The Spider*, *The Constant Wife*, *Broadway*, *Cradle Snatchers*, *The Theatre Guild productions*, *The Neighborhood Players productions*, *The Captive*, *Sierra's Spanish Art Theatre*, *Fanny*, *Saturday's Children*, *The Provincetown Players productions*, *The Barker*, *What Never Dies*, *Chicago* and *The Play's the Thing*.

Of these 33 Washington witnessed 15, leaving 18 over which

we presumably could have sniffled. Looking a little closer, however, it is found that we will have to eliminate from the 18 some 4 plays which we will undoubtedly see, two of which are still running on Broadway. They are *The Spider*, *Caponsacchi*, *Broadway* and *The Play's the Thing*. This leaves 14 for the handkerchief.

More meticulous inspection, moreover, makes us admit that there is no earthly reason why we should get the *Neighborhood Players* and the *Provincetown Players*, anymore than New York should get a session of the Senate. This, by a simple process of mathematics, leaves 12.

Bringing in one of G.W.'s battered microscopes, we further discover that *The Captive* was hauled off by the law, and would have been barred here as well as in Manhattan. Now we are down to 11. Another look reveals that maybe a road company of the *Theatre Guild* will go forth (and there is hardly any reason why we should include such a palpably local enterprise anyway), which strains off another point, making it 10.

Those we did not catch were: *The Great God Brown*, *Guitry's Company*, *An American Tragedy*, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, *Cecile Sorel*, *The Habima*, *Chicago*, *Sierra's gang*, *The Shanghai Gesture*, *Saturday's Children* and *The Play's the Thing*.

(Continued on page 23)



MR. JOHNSON," said the shepherd Paris to us very confidentially, "I am going to have one devil of a time awarding the golden apple as regards phonograph records this month.

"Times have changed," went on that worthy. "Once I judged beauty contests between goddesses; now I am driven to being your hired man, along with that Rodney Tattersall, and picking out the best discs among the many you select for me. However, I choose the Medley from the Ziegfeld Follies as the best thing I have heard this month."

"I am forced to fire you, Paris," we said, "because you are getting to talk too damnably like John Erskine. However, we respect your opinion." And that, little boys and girls, is only one of the reasons why we picked that particular record as one of the best of the month. It is played by Nat Shilkret's orchestra (Victor) and has as added attractions Franklyn Baur, the Brox Sisters, and Fairchild and Rainger, who know how to do things to a piano.

Of course next must come Parts 3 and 4 of The Two Black Crows (Columbia). While not quite as clever as the first disc, this well merits your attention. A friend of ours returned from Europe recently and said he had heard Moran and Mack quoted all the way from Venice to London (that was, of course, Parts 1 and 2); incidentally it is the best selling record ever manufactured. We predict that these lads will be in some big revue before the season is over.

TIMELY TUNES

By Sherman Elbridge Johnson



MORAN AND MACK
Otherwise known as the
Two Black Crows.



"Good News" is certainly the musical comedy hit along Broadway, isn't it? This has special collegiate significance, and we are all interested. Incidentally, one of the best records dealing with it is Good News and Lucky in Love (Columbia) played by Fred Rich and His Hotel Astor Orchestra. Also we must not forget George Olsen's record of Varsity Drag and Good News (Victor). Fran Frey, Bob Borger and Bob Rice are as good as ever, and we consider the Olsen outfit the best orchestra that plays jazz. So there! That must not lead us to forget that Cass Hagan and His Park Central Hotel Orchestra did a nice thing

BEST

Medley from Ziegfeld Follies (Victor)
Two Black Crows, 3 and 4 (Columbia)
Charmaine (Brunswick)
Good News (Columbia)
Just Another Day Wasted Away (Brunswick)
Varsity Drag (Victor)



with Varsity Drag (Columbia). This is perhaps better for dancing.

Pipe organ records always intrigue us. It is a difficult mode of expression, but a good organist can do almost as well as an orchestra. Look at Lew White who has done a remarkable thing with Charmaine and The Doll Dance (Brunswick). The later shows particularly what a marvelously flexible thing that great instrument can become. A record having perhaps less popular appeal but infinitely fine in technique is In a Persian Market, done by Reginald Foort of New Gallery Cinema, London (Victor). Also hear by all means Jesse Crawford's Baby Feet Go Pitter Patter (Victor).

This Baby Feet affair, incidentally, is nicely done by Abe Lyman's California Orchestra (Brunswick). But of Abe's work we like better Just Another Day Wasted Away, also a Brunswick release. On the other side is Bye-Bye, Pretty Baby. If I Had a Lover, played by Nat Shilkret's outfit (Victor), is the best piece in Tex Guinan's defunct show, and is good, but the other side is not so hot. However, Paul Whiteman has done something really good in My Blue Heaven (Victor), and Shaking the Blues Away (from the Follies) by the same artist is tintillating to the ear. The latter piece is quite well done by Harry Reser's Syncopators (Columbia). In passing we must mention Ted Lewis' new version of Alexander's Ragtime Band and the Darktown Strutters'

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THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 21)

In spite of the fact that many of these attractions will assuredly get here, we will admit that New York had the edge on us with 10 plays. And this means New York alone, for unless your scribe is gravely mistaken, Sierra's Spanish Art Theatre, the Habima Players, and Cecile Sorrel were seen only in Manhattan. Even at that it is too bad that we were passed up by *An American Tragedy*, *The Great God Brown* and *Saturday's Children*.

Wait a bit, however. Out of over 250 plays foisted on the metropolis, only 33 were worthy of attention, or about 14 percent. To make everything pleasant, moreover, we shall include all the Theatre Guild productions, Neighborhood productions and Provincetown productions, some of them terrible, and bring the grand total of good stuff to 50, or 20 percent.

Now Washington had to sit through not more than 60 plays during the same period. Since we garnered 15 fair or excellent ones, our percentage is 25, as against New York's 20. And remember we are liberal as hell to N. Y.

It is thus demonstrated that in the average quality of the season's menu we were superior to even New York, but now let us listen to the sobs about poor plays being shoved at us, good

plays being missed, and the lachrymal outbursts about this particular season.

If we did catch, all unsuspecting, a few efforts like *The Arabian Nightmare*, *The Heaven Tappers* and *Sam Abramovitch*, why so did New York, and at that we were spared any number of similar toadstools predigested by other dog-towns. And if we did miss *The Great God Brown* and *Saturday's Children*, we also missed any number of positively terrifying plays, special matinees, "angel" shows, *Sex*, *Tales of Rigo*, etc.

The National has afforded us *Craig's Wife*, *Lulu Belle*, *On Approval*, *Trelawny of the Wells*, *The Constant Wife*, etc. The Belasco showed *The Road to Rome*, *What Never Dies*, *What Every Woman Knows*, etc. and Poli's kicked in with many good musicals and *Her Cardboard Lover*, etc.

But, I hear a loud wail, we DID miss *The Great God Brown*. This fact is disconcerting, but it might be noted that Washington is a town of 400,000, while New York is the leading theatrical burg of the world, with a population of 7,000,000, including Mayor Walker, which brings it to 7,000,006½. That we should obtain as many good things as the metropolis is hardly to be expected, and yet our percentage is better, and we didn't lose so much.

No doubt these figures can be challenged. Where the great weakness lies is often in the case of the bigger revues, when we are treated to a second or sixth road company. But even this is not the rule; we see nearly every

successful musical show with the original cast or a good one, and Winthrop Ames did not withdraw his Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire from our precinct.

There is no cause not to call Washington a dog-town. We do have alleged premieres, occasional road companies, etc., but so does every other city except N.Y., and considering that Washington is the smallest first-rate theatrical city in the East, we are blessed.

One thing more. That year when *Beggar on Horseback*, *Outward Bound*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, etc. visited here was a peach. But outside of that I can find no season that overwhelmingly beats 1926-1927. Look at any season ten or fifteen years ago.

And also take a glance at the dramatic bill of fare in New Orleans, Omaha, or many other cities larger than Washington, not to speak of such smaller but praiseworthy places as Norfolk or Richmond!

Washington is a dog-town. True. But it is one of the few locations left where the legit still holds its aristocratic sway. Elsewhere the populace, during most weeks, must turn to the movies (ah there, Walstrom).

Highly recommended coming movies: *Sunrise*, *The King of Kings*, *Chang*, *Camille*, *A Man's Past* and *Ben Hur*.

For coming plays, read the newspapers. What this department thinks about anything would make no difference anyway. But the Belasco, Poli's and the National have some worthwhile things in the offing.

AS TO BOOKS

(Continued from page 20)

abounds in colorful description, interesting incidents in the lives of the church people and the evangelized Indians and Mexicans. We have in this book an excellent picture of life in the 50's and 60's.

To most people it will be "another book"—to others, "a history"—and to a few Catherites, "really fine prose."

JALNA

Philip and Adeline Whiteoak leave their military post *Jalna* in India and migrate to Canada, establishing an estate there which they name after the place they had just left. At the opening of the story, Adeline Whiteoak has reached old age and presides over the old mansion with its mysterious history. In her first important work, the author, Mazo de la Roche, has brought to us the conflict between the old English and the modern native of Canada with all her wit, humor, and versatility.

All of which is said in deference to a Prize Book—(Atlantic). After reading two Prize Books, the reviewer hopes that no more will be foisted upon an unsuspecting public before the holidays at least. Do not take such works too seriously; someone has to get the prize every year and mayhap *Jalna* is as deserving as any, but there is no danger of little Junior having to read it in Lit. 32.

DUSTY ANSWER

A young Englishwoman, Rosamond Lehmann, has gained a high place among the novelists

of today and shows promise of entering the ranks of the great novelists of all generations in her first work, *Dusty Answer* (Henry Holt and Company). The book market today is glutted with attempts, some good but mostly inadequate, to portray and explain the youth of today. Miss Lehmann depicts and analyzes the modern young woman without any attempt to explain away the faults of the generation on the grounds of new conventions and new methods.

The theme of the novel is the disillusionment of *Judith Earle*, beginning with childhood and childhood's companions and carrying through her days at Cambridge, with the main action centered in the frustration of her craving for affection in her passionate love for *Roddy* and her passionate friendship for *Jennifer*.

The book is highly conceived, it rises in sharp crescendoes with pain battling ecstasy. It is cruelly delightful at times. Christopher Morley, in a review, says of it, "In its own sex and psyche it is as honest a portrait as *Tom Jones*."

OVER THE BOAT-SIDE

A NEW BOOK by an author well known to Washington and especially to George Washington University is *Over The Boatside*, (Doubleday, Page & Company) by Mathilde Eiker. Most of us remembered her first novel, *Mrs. Mason's Daughters*, and were eager to get into this one.

The story is different in that it has the heroine marry the hero early in the book for true love's sake, only to secure a Nevada divorce when he is smitten by another girl, and then has her remarry the same hero in the end

for business purposes, after his other (second) wife has died. The novel is very sophisticated, indeed we found "bits" that were rather rough, and the whole is very modern. For these reasons and even because of them, *Over The Boatside* rises well up in the ranks of new books.

TIMELY TUNES

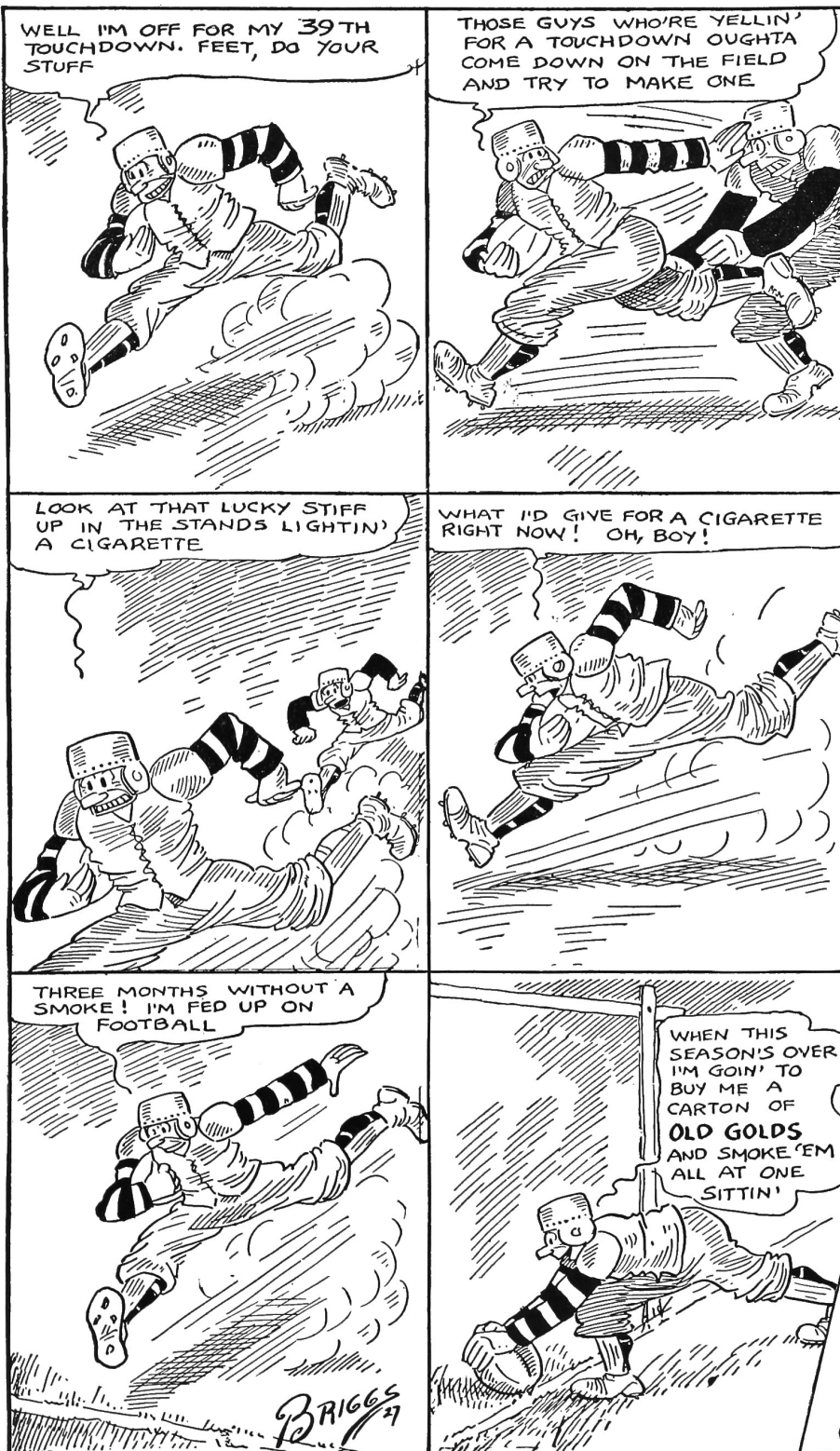
(Continued from page 22)

Ball (Columbia). It is very fine jazz, if you care to go that far back.

Nick Lucas has a sweet voice and tries no frills, thank the Lord, in I Can't Believe That You're in Love With Me and Broken Hearted (Brunswick). Harry Richman, as we said before, does not show such restraint. His latest is Magnolia (Brunswick) and is fair. But what we get excited about is a record by Correll and Gosden, No Wonder I'm Happy (Victor), one of the most catchy; and When Day Is Done, by the Radio Franks, White and Bessinger (Brunswick). Franklyn Baur does Charmaine very well (Columbia) and of course The Revelers are always with us, this time in Blue River (Victor), very fair. Was not excited about Frank Crumit's Bye Bye Pretty Baby (Victor).

But to go back to the Follies, you really must hear It All Belongs to Me (best Follies piece) played by Johnny Hamp's Kentucky Serenaders (Victor). And if you love a Strauss waltz, we feel that Marek Weber's rendition of Tales from the Vienna Woods (Victor) is most remarkable. And speaking of waltzes, don't fail to hear Charmaine, played by the Goodrich Silvertown Cord Orchestra (Victor), with the Silver-Masked Tenor singing.

Wonder What an All-Star Half Back Thinks About : By BRIGGS



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.. not a cough in a carload



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you'd really be surprised

at the large number of
g. w. students who are
regular patrons of the

little theatre

on 9th street between f and g

A sentimentalist is a guy who acts like a gentleman when in the presence of women.

—Scream.

"Take me home!" sobbed the illiterate little school girl as they foreclosed the mortgage.

—Cornell Widow.

I never laughed so hard in my life as I did last night. When John shot me, I thought I'd die!

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

"And at the end of his letter he put a couple of X's. What does that mean?"

"Simple girl; it means he's double-crossing you."

—Bison.

James: "The postmaster gave you a dirty look when he handed out your mail."

Williams: "My friends are such poor writers he can't read the cards that come for me."

—Toronto Goblin.

Wife: "Look at that adorable hat in the window, John. Let's go buy it."

John: "Certainly, dear. Right by it."

—Denison Flamingo.

"Say, what do you see in that girl anyhow?" asked the X-ray specialist of his partner.

—Pitt Panther.



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Sap: "Is he dumb?"

Head: "He is so dumb he thinks that the St. Louis Cardinals are appointed by the Pope."
—*Bison.*

~*~

"What you all doin' now, Rastus?"

"I'se a cafeteria blacksmith."

"What do you do?"

"I shoes flies." —*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

~*~

Sweet Young Thing: "And how did you win your D. S. C.?"

Tuff Old Sojer: "I saved the lives of my entire regiment."

S. Y. T.: "Wonderful! And how did you do that?"

T. O. S.: "I shot the cook."

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*



The Silly Number

will blossom forth about the 1st of December. You won't want to miss this number, for we can really be silly when we so desire.

Incidentally, if you are aware of the fact that you can write silly jokes, skits, etc., or draw silly drawings, we would be pleased to hear from you. Have all contributions in by December 14, if you don't mind.



Do You Know Miss Glen Bogie?

Miss Glen Bogie is the charming every-day-in-the-year girl whose smart and practical knitted costume is equally at home or at play! It is the one knitted frock that will not stretch, sag or cup, and may be chosen in both misses' and women's sizes in four smart styles, and some stunning new shades.

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In one-piece and two-piece styles.

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A

G. W. U. Rendezvous

Diocles: "Canst tell me, O oracle, what is a pretzel?"

Witch of Agnesi: "Abracadabram, thou Cissoidian knave, 'tis but a doughnut which hath died doing the Charleston."

—*Annapolis Log,*

~*~

Frosh: "Where do you take your meals?"

Second Moron: "Most any restaurant."

Frosh: "I thought you boarded at the frat house."

S. M.: "I do." —*Denison Flamingo.*

~*~

"Don't you think that couple across the way are a bit unconventional?"

"Just a shade, Luther; just a shade."

—*Penn. State Froth.*

~*~

A girl with cotton stockings never sees a mouse.

—*Stanford Chaparral.*

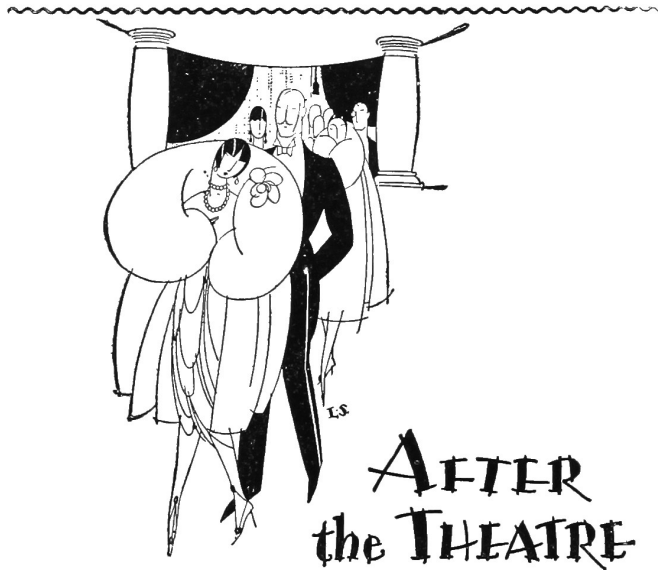


Why Study In Washington?

By Prof. Elmer Louis Kayser
Secretary, George Washington University

1. Washington is a city of college students. One out of every hundred of its residents is now going to college. In proportion to its population, Washington has more graduate, liberal arts, medical and law students than any state in the Union. It ranks second with reference to engineering students. Washington's two industries are government and education.
 2. The facilities of Washington's educational agencies are supplemented by an unrivaled array of libraries, museums, and laboratories, supported by the government and quasi-public and private organizations. The Library of Congress, the Surgeon-General's Library, the Bureau of Standards, and like institutions represent the highest type of facilitating agencies for research.
 3. In Washington, as in no other city, can history be visualized. All around are the monuments of the departed great. Day by day the pageant of contemporary history passes along—stately ceremonies, historic debates, epochal decisions.
 4. Washington is the City Beautiful. In its architectural and natural features, it possesses a beauty and grandeur equalled by no other American city.
 5. George Washington University has for over a century been an integral part of the city's life. It offers to those who can meet its exacting standards of admission and scholarship a rare educational opportunity. Through its late afternoon classes it has been extending that same opportunity in many of its branches, to those who must earn while they learn. The only non-sectarian University in the District of Columbia, George Washington University reflects the cosmopolitan character of the city.
- Every state in the Union and more than twenty foreign nations are represented in its student body.





Then the dance. And remember—all those cigarettes you have been smoking between the acts have positively *not* improved your breath. They have if anything—well, why go into details? A tobacco breath and romance do not go together.

A breath-sweetening Pep-o-mint Life Saver after smokes is a life saver indeed. She'll agree.

DON'T GET CAUGHT ON THIS ONE

An Englishman went into a restaurant and ordered mashed potatoes. We almost forgot—he was bald. And when the waiter brought his order, the Johnny dipped his hands in and proceeded to massage his head with the potatoes. The headwaiter, according to custom, rushed up and cried—"See, here! You can't rub your head with mashed potatoes in here!" Dazed, the man looked up. "Oh! Are these mashed potatoes? I thought it was spinach." And six weeks before they had jeered at him.



We will now sit quietly while the orchestra plays that little tune entitled *You Never Can Tell What a Red Headed Mamma Will Do* in A flat.

—Bison.

"Poor Bill, he didn't get to graduate from Yale."

"Why?"

"Because he went to Harvard."

—Rice Owl.



"What did you say Harry's business is now?"

"Stocks blondes."

—U. of S. Calif. Wampus.



Ahoy, Toodle-oo, hast thou heard the one about the absent-minded professor who swallowed the gun and shot his lunch?

—Red Cat.



Alphi Delta Pi

solicited the greatest number of subscriptions to the GHOST in the sorority circulation drive which closed on October 17.



We take pleasure in awarding them the 1927-28 GHOST loving cup.

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MEOW!

A Housemanager's life is hard. Why, yesterday our Housemanager shot our cook. Poor Chinaman—he had just come across. Well, you see, some of the girls complained that we'd had fried rabbit four nights in a row. Our Housemanager hadn't been ordering rabbit, so he went out and asked the Chink how come? Chinaman says: It's all right, boss. Cheap. Get rabbits for nothing. I shoot from back door at night. They come up, say 'Meow, Meow,'—shoot."

So did our Housemanager.

—California Pelican.

~*~
"Percy is taking medicine at college."

"How long has he been sick?"

—Ollapod.

"It ain't giving them an even break."

"What ain't?"

"Giving the navy control of the Virgin Islands."

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

~*~

He: "There seems to be something wrong with the motor."

G. O. T. M. (Girl of the Moment): "Don't be foolish; wait until we get off the main road."

—Annapolis Log.

~*~

The Ould Man: "Our wee Jocko writes that he has taken a fraternity at college."

The Ould Lady: "Tell him tae be puttin' it back. I'll no be havin' the Dougalls accused o' stealin'."

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

G. W. U.

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"What's the difference between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc?"

"One was made of wood and the other was Maid of Orleans."

—*Wesleyan Wasp.*

~*~

"Jim! Jim!" whispered the frightened bride, as she poked her sleeping husband in the ribs. "Do wake up; there are burglars in the pantry."

Jim rolled over. "Well," he mumbled, "what do we care as long as they don't die in the house."

—*Chaparral.*

~*~

Dear Old Woman: "Is the postmaster in?"

P. O. Clerk: "No, he's on vacation now. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Dear Old Woman: "Well, I guess so. Give me a two-cent stamp."

—*Burr.*

~*~

She: "Kiss me and I am yours forever."

He: "Is it necessary to attach a condition to it?"

—*Lafayette Lyre.*

~*~

Burglar: "Don't be scairt, old lady, all I want is your money."

Old Maid: "Oh, go away! You're just like all other men."

—*Gargoyle.*

~*~

First Class: "How do you feel, mister?"

Fourth Class: "Just like a donkey, sir."

Senior Class: "How come?"

Frosh: "Three more years and I'll be a jackass, sir."

—*Annapolis Log.*

~*~

P. R. T. Conductor: "Did I get your fare?"

Joe Collitch: "I think so. I didn't see you ring it up."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

~*~

Pi Sky: "I had some news from our Siberian chapter today."

Sister Pi Sky: "What's up?"

Pi Sky: "Oh, not much; only they're still Russian."

—*West Point Pointer.*



1
something's
in the air!

THERE'S something everywhere about you—something as sparkling as the crisp November sunshine. Gay as the pennants fluttering from the stadium walls. Into that something goes the dull percussion of punted footballs . . . chrysanthemums . . . hawkers' cries . . . crowds hurrying, laughing, happy. . . .

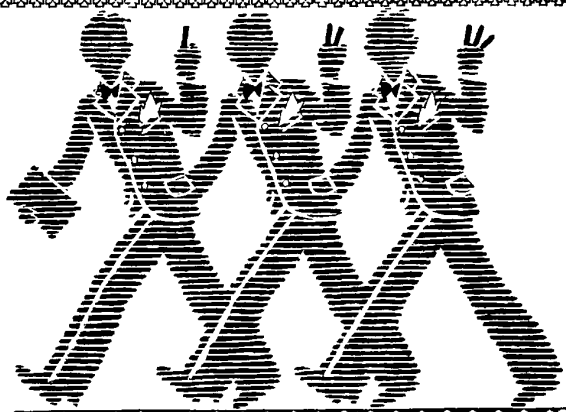
Does it catch you up—sweep you along?

If it does—if you warm to the charm, the verve, the gay light-heartedness of Youth—we believe you will like COLLEGE HUMOR. You clever collegians write the things we feature; our stories by today's front rank writers are written with you in mind, as an audience.

Scott Fitzgerald's article on *Princeton*, and a complete novelette by Lois Montross, *The Return of Andy Protheroe*, are two features of the many that compose the December issue.

CollegeHumor

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IT

"Darling, were you faithful while I was away?"

"Oh, George, I was kissed twice."

"Name the men!"

"First, by the orchestra, and second by the Rotary Club."

—Amherst Lord Jeff.

~*~

Speaker (excited): "Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you: Do I look like I descended from a monkey? Do I?"

Back Seat Wit: "No, ye don't now, for a fact. Tell us how it happened."

—Virginia Reel.

Lady: "I suppose you have been in the navy so long you are accustomed to sea legs?"

Sailor: "Lady, I wasn't even looking."

—Amherst Lord Jeff.

~*~

"Take pharmacy at college? I should say not! I came up here to get away from the farm."

—Georgia Cracker.

~*~

"My boy, there is a reason for everything."

"No, sir, you forget women."

—Scream.

~*~

"Very few girls would marry you."

"Well, that would be enough."

—Georgia Cracker.

~*~

If she seems cold at first, brace up. Chills are often followed by fever.

—Oregon Orange Owl.



UNIVERSITY SHOPPE

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~*~

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RODNEY TATTERSALL

[Our Hired Man]

TALKS OVER THE RADIO

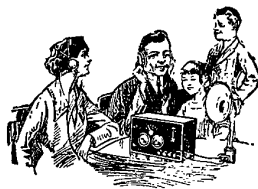


"Good evening friends of the radio audience. This is Rodney Tattersall, broadcasting from the GHOST offices. The subject of my talk tonight will be 'The Horse as a Friend of Mankind.'-----

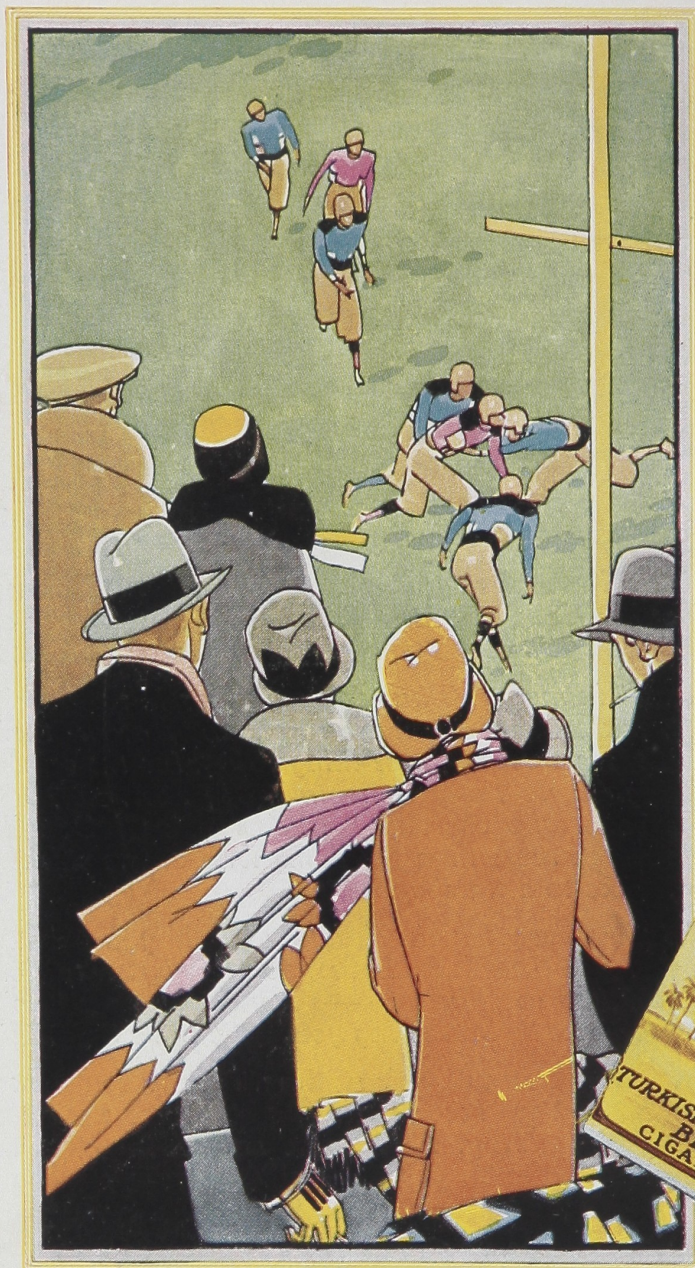
"Now, as I stated in my last Thursday night's talk, everybody reads the GHOST, but some of them are forced to borrow their neighbor's copy... This is a very unwise thing to do, for the reason that it just isn't being done... To quote from Emily Post, page 94, we read that 'The bozo who borrows his neighbor's GHOST is pulling a big boner; even more than the dame who orders chicken salad every time she goes to a tea shoppe.'

"So you see, folks, just what the situation is. If you haven't got the money, get it. Rob the chicken house; don't pay your tuition this month; sell the filling in your teeth—do anything, but don't commit a breach of etiquette by borrowing your neighbor's GHOST.

"And in closing my little talk this evening, friends, I want to repeat that we can never hope for a lasting world peace until we abolish Greed, Avarice, Jealousy, Mosquitoes and Gin. I thank you."



If you have enjoyed Mr. Tattersall's speech tonight, send him an applause card and make him feel good... These cards may be procured at the Hatchet Office at \$1.35 each, and just for good measure we will also throw in the remaining six issues of the GHOST (sent to you by mail) starting with December 1.



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